

## THE RAIN MAKERS

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Harriet Palmer

haiku! haiku!  
gesundheit

**Kevin James Violette**

## **COSMIC OOOPS**

**Lisa Whittier**

In the beginning, the turmoil of the molten earth boomed across the heavens. Nothing lived there and the only thing that existed was the hot rock and pools of stagnant belching chemicals. The Great Being, the creator of all, watched in disgust at his failure. His tenth failure at that. He was unsatisfied by his toy and was impatient with himself at not being able to make it into a supernova. Oh, well. He might as well game with it.

At this he sat back and began throwing lightning bolts at the smoldering, hissing blob. Even his aim was bad; in a frenzied attempt to hit a pinnacle of rock he zapped a pool of chemicals. It churned and broiled in upon itself. He sat back in amazement and horror, not daring to believe he could have blown it that badly.

Then the stagnant pool's appearance changed. His fears were coming to pass, but he'd better not be mistaken. He crept out of his fetal position to inspect the mess closer, hoping his assumption had been wrong. Gasping he reeled back and held his head. It had happened, he has created life! A great "OOOOPS!" reverberated through the universe.

**Lisa Whittler**

Without a name I stand apart.  
I have no family, no friends, no start.  
A song of answers never there,  
I belong to nowhere.  
I've wandered long, no home to find.  
I've lost my place and will lose my mind.  
I don't recall when this began,  
I belong to no one.  
Ancient memories flicker in my mind.  
There is no era with which I can bind.  
Faces calling with an unanswered rhyme,  
I belong to no time.

**HE'S OUT OF TOWN**

**Susi Brown**

Faded flannel buttons over small breasts,  
Legs and hands plunge, inspecting old  
green pants, deep pockets—  
Poirot has nothing on me.  
I bury my face in the Irish sweater to  
inhale the spice and scent of the man.  
I am the woman.  
Pushing two hands into thick, wool socks  
to travel the places he has walked,  
"These were hand-knit in a Portuguese fishing village."  
Today, I am worldly.  
Cold feet slide in two big slippers,  
shuffle from room to muffled room.  
My soft hair recoils, his bristles are too stiff. I  
take aim and give battle with his toothbrush (we kiss, you know).  
Playing dress-up, I act out  
childhood games of the woman.  
I become the man.

## DOC

Mary Hurlbert

The field of medicine is one surrounded by a certain mystique, and in this country the doctor is alternately placed on a pedestal for his knowledge and criticized for his income and indifference to whether the patient knows what is going on or not. I have been treated by a number of doctors. Some I liked and trusted, some I disliked and questioned. I only know one doctor very well, and I will hold him up as the exception to all the negative characteristics that are laid upon doctors in general. One exception is destruction of the rule or the bias.

Doc has been in practice for over thirty-five years. He is a G.P. who, until a few years ago, exclusively ran a private practice. He now includes prison sick call and county mental health to his work load. Doc works from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m. five days a week and every other weekend. He attends several conventions a year to keep up to date on new developments. He receives and reads some articles out of sixty magazines per month.

Doc was no rich kid who got into medical school. Doc's father never graduated from high school. He sold newspaper to get through college, then worked his way through medical school. Doc will be sixty-seven in June.

Bedside manner is an old expression which one seldom hears anymore. Appointments are every fifteen minutes and a nurse does two-thirds of the work, with the doctor arriving for the finale. He

diagnoses, writes a prescription or refers one to another guy. One hears some mumbo-jumbo one can't understand or nothing at all. The patient walks out with a piece of paper that goes to a drugstore or another doctor and no idea what the hell is wrong. But when a patient goes to see Doc he asks how he's doing, and means it. Not just your health, but you, the person, not the malfunctioning human body. Doc takes the time to explain what is wrong or why a specialist is necessary. One leaves with an understanding which is not a cure, but it can relieve a lot of anxiety.

Doc lives in a big old house. He owns two cars. He goes on brief vacations several times a year. By most standards Doc is very "comfortable" indeed. He charges his patients twelve dollars per visit. He goes on house calls. His receptionists never ask a patient for money. Some folks bring in home-grown chickens, some haven't paid a dime in thirty years. No medicaid or medicare is refused. A doctor is there to care for people, all people. Extra paperwork and lower pay are not reasons to refuse treatment to the poor, the old or the unfortunate. No overdue bills go to a collector. collector.

Doc takes one month off per year. He loves to do landscaping, watch things grow, dig in the earth. He'd rather be in his backyard than in Bermuda. Every bush on the place is shaped by his pruning shears. Not one looks like it came from the barbershop, rather they all blend harmoniously in a natural way. This is one sense of art in Doc, another being carpentry. His carpentry is not frilly, it's perfect.

Doc doesn't believe in killing. During the war he served overseas but refused to carry a gun, nor were any of the men beneath him allowed to. Now he catches spiders and flies and even mosquitoes and sets them outside, rather than harm them. I know of only two transgressions from the policy of non-violence. If a tent caterpillar nest appears in a crab apple tree, Doc goes after it with a

kerosene torch. Dandelions are individually soaked with herbicides and their demise observed with something close to glee. There are very few people I know who can claim such horrid practices as their only expressions of cruelty.

Fifteen or so years ago Cornelia, Doc's partner in life, became concerned with the health of migrant farm workers who pick apples in the area. The result of this concern was a state-funded mobile medical unit. Doc spent his vacation going from one camp to another checking up and treating people on a volunteer basis with some of his colleagues helping. Many of the migrants had never seen a doctor except in an emergency room. When the flow of migrant workers slowed to a trickle after a few years, the state withdrew funding for their care. Doc invited those who continued to arrive in the fall to his office. Frequently Sundays were the only day they could get off work. Doc saw them when they came and charged none of them.

One summer Doc spent half of his vacation on St. Lucia, then a British possession. He paid his own airfare and volunteered at the hospital there, working every day. Although St. Lucia is a tropical haven, with luxury hotels, Doc stayed in a simple apartment at the hospital.

With two state jobs and a private practice, Doc probably pays more income tax than most folks earn in a year. He likes to be surrounded by beautiful things and is proud of the home he has. His position is enviable to many people. But Doc worked for what he has and he'll never retire. A self-made man, Doc took the opportunities that this country offers and used them to their fullest advantage, without hurting others in the process. Doc is a true humanitarian who takes his Hippocratic oath to heart. I once heard a young man ask Doc, in a tone which was challenging and antagonistic, what Doc thought of the AMA. Doc answered calmly, "I quit years ago. I believe in socialized medicine."

Mary Hurlbert



Barbara L. Blumenstein



## SHADOWS

The child sat awake one night  
Staring hard with all his might-  
Staring at the shadows tall  
Sneaking off the bedroom wall,  
Prowling here and moving there  
Like a charging spector bear,  
Shadows moving round the bed  
Jumping over the child's head  
Flying, leaping, hovering  
As the child shakes beneath his covering.  
Shadows creeping, hunting here,  
Stalking, crawling, ever near  
Making all they touch their Lair  
Shadows climbing everywhere.  
From the corner stifling dark  
to the ceiling. Listen?! Hark?!  
Shadows running there and here  
Always drawing ever near.

**Bob Behlke**

## **BE GENTLY UNWISE**

It is better to gather  
all sorts of dubious  
information around you  
and to go out to tilt  
affectionately at  
windmills with it,  
than it is to acquire  
the exact and correct  
analytical and  
statistical facts,  
and with them create  
painful progress.

**David Hughes**





**Lisa Wynne**

## HEARTHOMES AND I-MIRRORS

- I. I drive long distances:  
Bodymind constricted into wrinkles,  
Screaming sighs torn from tight muscles as my  
White wagon whistles over spring green velour hills  
Decorated with still-skeletal trees preparing to blossom.

Past all these and beginning to breathe in  
Far foggy mountains,  
I realize I am on the last hill—  
Final climb through misted firs moved by dark winds;  
My body begins to grin . . .  
Coasting  
Floating  
Toward the sea  
A heartgrin expands to ocean-smile and mountain-mirth:  
It is Birth for me.  
I drive long distances to come home.

- II. In rainy night darkness  
My eyes catch reflections:  
Moonglow kissing the lips of foam near the edge of the sea,  
Slow curls of love  
Moving softly with slow motion roar;  
As moon-bubbles open, sliding on sand;  
Openings in the sky where clouds reveal  
Dark blue kite shape,  
A kite with star-diamond for eye.

My eyes reflect that eye and the sky and my  
    footsteps white-wet with moonlight  
    and the silver shining frame of a forgotten fossil dinosaur  
    (only an ancient tree resting since the last stormtides) . . .  
I climb the hillside to my cottage and spread  
    my arms to the grass  
    Swirling rushed wheat-waves  
    Dancing to support my stillness.  
Distances are short when the heart has a home and  
Eyes have mirrors.

Annie Cook

I wondered why I made friends with animals but not people:  
It's because I never tried to tell a cat how to be a cat.

**Sunshine S.W. Keck**

I thought Spring had cheated me  
And wouldn't happen here  
But today a yellow daffodil  
Laughed away my fear.

**Sunshine S.W. Keck**

## **THE TEN FOLD DIME**

**Don Thornton**

You came to watch the sand dollars wash in,  
a treasure hunter in a modern time.  
Mindlessly walking in the surf  
to find the ten-fold dime.

Your mind alas is miles away  
in places you've never been.  
What is it here you really search-  
a dollar or a friend?

As the waves recede at last,  
a small white disc you find.  
In turning it over and over you see  
to this one the waves were kind.

Its edges smooth not rough or chipped  
it's fought its way to shore.  
And now you'll put it in your pack  
and travel on for more.

The setting sun draws your senses out  
and turns your mind around.  
The birds, the surf, and salty breeze  
no longer make a sound.

And now you know why you came to search  
the beach from end to end.  
It wasn't really to find sand dollars  
but to claim nature as a friend.



## LIFESONGS

### I. Trees

Listen to the singing trees'  
Ancient whispered songs of praise  
Hear the choral grasses trill  
Beneath your feet, their summer thrill  
All birds remaining silent, awed  
By greater songs to come  
To come  
Run to hear the symphony  
And dance in greenfield's rapture  
Then by song-bound feet you're swept  
To where the holy songs are kept  
Across the forest floor to where  
The mighty river flows  
Away  
Live within the Kingdom Green  
Dance upon the brown-leaf carpets  
Dance wherever you may please  
Sing the song you hear from the trees  
And join the dance of blowing leaves  
Stay in the Kingdom Green  
Stay green

### II. Stones

We are the elder fathers  
Who would have sung for the christ  
Silent songs a thousand ones  
With no less life than our green sons  
Fragile newcomers to the earth  
Which is what we comprise  
And are  
Weaving silent harmonies  
Beneath a sculptor's chisel  
Singing forth from castle walls  
Or holding up the waterfalls  
We hold up all that stands or walks  
Our earth grows all your food  
For you  
Diamonds glitter on your hand  
Emerals dangle from your ear  
Deep dug fruits you treasure so  
When found by you we let them flow  
Gifts to God's most favored child  
Till in death your bodies  
Return

### III. Waters

Onward down the mountain sides  
Towards our mother's womb we rush  
Cutting rocks in our great haste  
O'er lazy plains our course is chased  
To join again the ocean grey  
The source from which we're sprung  
The source  
Our love lives in gentle fog  
And our hate in pounding hail  
We dwell in the clouds and rain  
And in your house in tap and drain  
Our scars crisscross the broken land  
We cut apart the rocks  
To sand  
Thus we make the sands of home  
Pillows for our mother's bed  
Rocks and trees will never know  
The freedom found by those who flow  
We give them form and life and love  
But still we feed and shape  
And run

**Bill Honi**

## OUTLAY

If time is money,  
Life is money well spent.

**Kevin James Violette**

## RACING FOR THE INTERSTATE

Did you notice our farm as you tore through?  
Our farm noticed you. The yellow sign  
"County Road Ends" rattled and shivered  
On its post in the wake of your dust  
And my brother's hand-lettered sign with its  
"Courtesy Counts" waggled crazily on  
One nail. I bet you were surprised  
To see our shop building suddenly loom  
Around the base of the hill. We  
Were surprised, but moved aside in time,  
Sneezing in the dust-choked gust.  
We picked up our tools and sighed.  
No other comment on your passing through,  
There are so many of you these days,  
Progress has come our way.  
The new Interstate just up the road is the one  
No doubt you were looking for.  
Clara noticed you, too.  
Did you pause in your flight to consider  
The patterns your hurried clouds of dust  
Painted on freshly laundered sheets and towels?  
As you raced the final quarter mile  
That connects two roads through us,  
I doubt you saw the young calves frolic  
Or smelled the fragrant barley.  
We could have been a refreshing break  
From boring miles of Interstate;  
Instead we were just an obstacle  
And you were our daily whirlwind  
Bringing the taste of dust.

**Sunshine S.W. Keck**

## THOUGHTS

Thoughts  
filtering through the  
twilight of my mind  
Registering  
as some unknown  
feeling  
that I can't quite describe.  
I only know  
that it's there  
and I'm not quite sure  
what to do with it.

**Bessie Thompson**



**Grace E. Thomas**

At present I'm a student of peacocks  
Watching them preen iridescent feathers into place  
Like so many droplets in the sun make a rainbow  
I find a pot of gold this way  
Each feather's eye a different view  
Yet we are feathers all  
Brothers and sisters of iridescence  
In this splendid web of life.

**Sunshine S.W. Keck**



### The Wings of Gulls

O to fly, fly on the wings of sea gulls  
Breast of snow-flake white  
Fading to the grey-blue mist  
Of an enchanted forest.

O to fly, fly on the wings of sea gulls  
To soar over distant lands  
Of em'erald green  
After silver rains have gone.

O to fly, fly on the wings of sea gulls  
Across blue ice of mountain tops  
To float over deserts  
Painted in fiery sunset.

O to fly, fly on the wings of sea gulls  
To seek the new horizon  
To search for life,  
For love, for truth.

Jan Marie Nerenberg  
'82



**Lisa Whittier**

## **THE UNICORN WAS BORN TO RUN**

The Unicorn was born to run.  
Listen, my son,  
To the wild things of the world.  
Now put a price on life.  
The Unicorn was born to run,  
But we may kill it if we wish, my son.

We have killed all the trees.  
To nourish our greed.  
It was our right to kill them.  
Now put a price on life.  
We have destroyed the trees,  
They were ours to tear to the ground.

The waters all run dirty-foul.  
Cry, the owl,  
Mourn for the passing of life.  
Now put a price on life.  
The waters all run dirty-foul.  
Listen for the crying owl.

The price of life,  
Watch it die, fall away,  
Crumble into the distant spray.  
The price of life.

The price of life,  
Catch it, hold it tight,  
Save it with your deepest fight.  
The love of life.  
The hate of life.  
The price of life.

**Lisa Whittier**

## MY FATHER

He sat on the bar stool in a slumped forward position as he sucked on his beer. He was a skinny man with a stained cap pulled low on his head and a dirty army coat hanging listlessly from his shoulders. As he placed the bottle down he wiped his mouth and part of his three day's growth of beard with the back of his hand and then started tapping the bottle with the back of his fingertips. The bartender brought us fresh beers and mentioned that he had heard that I was going into the service. We talked about that till Dad broke in, "I was in service too." His voice rasped with its' heavy accent but his face was suddenly animated. "I'm was big dom Pollack," and he smiled broadly at the joke on himself. "First day of war I'm shot." He extended his left hand to show it's index finger stiffly jutting out at a wierd angle to the rest of the gnarled hand. "When I'm bahck from hospitol no more Pole land," and he threw his arms back and laughed. The bartender had heard it all many times before, so he smiled weakly and moved on. Deprived of his audience Dad stared into the opening of his beer bottle, his face blank except for a soundless whistle puckered on his lips, the back of his fingertips once again tapping the bottle. But I stayed there.

When we got home he stretched himself out on the living room couch, a beer bottle in his hand, the Seagrams on the end table. Except for periodic trips for more beer he maintained that position in front of the television. With the first story in the nightly news he came erect and at the edge of the cushions yelling at the newscaster in a mixture of English and Polish, with plenty of "Domme's" thrown in. After his tirade he asked about the stories that he had missed during his shouting (match.) Hearing of another story he could rally against, he would resume his shouting till I could shout him down to say that that story was good

news. By that time the sports would be on and I could turn the set off so he could get ready for sleep. The "job" would be waiting in the morning. He never called it "work" anymore. Work was standing in front of a welder for ten to twelve hours a day, for six days a week for twenty-two years. What he had now was a "job" in "maintenance" pushing a broom "Eats ok," He would say, "I get same moonie for doing less work." But some how it never sounded right. Some how the spring was gone from him. The winter had arrived.

**Bob Behlke**



## BEARDED RIDGE RIDER

When he first came to the Clearwater Valley they called him Ponytail. His long red hair pulled back reached towards his western belt. He was a carpenter, an outdoor writer, and in general a lover of life. A minister's son, he had come from Oregon trying to escape the ever growing population there. Now he was in a sparsely populated area and cared very little about what anyone called him.

Gordon's chest-length beard of that same red color was overpowered by a thick moustache. His appearance caused many to call him degenerate, disgusting, or just "that hippie from Clear Creek." I chanced to walk in his path and I saw through his rough exterior, so I knew better. Gordon was a man of deep convictions and a friend you could always count on.

He had purchased a hunting camp on the Selway River when he moved to Idaho. His lifelong dream had come true in the Bitterroot Wilderness. The first day I met Gordon, he came to work one of our horses. Suffering from a minor ailment, he had trouble walking and even more sitting. Hunting season was close at hand so he had no time to recuperate.

After the first season the profits were slim and he had barely enough left over to buy a new hat which he needed. Gordon had four children to support so after the gear and stock were taken care of he went back to nail bending. Next year the profits would be better and he could relax after the season.

In the second year a Wilderness Act was passed by politicians. Gordon was informed he would be required to have wooden sidewalls for his tents and designated parking spots for his hunter's vehicles. Beneath his beard he grumbled about his "wilderness pack camp." He said if they pushed the issue he would move on the same as he had come. Luckily for us who enjoyed his friendship, the laws were not enforced.

The third year was better for the long haired ridge rider. One of his stories on hunting came to print in an outdoor magazine and he was in the height of his glory. Who cared what they called him, he had what he wanted.

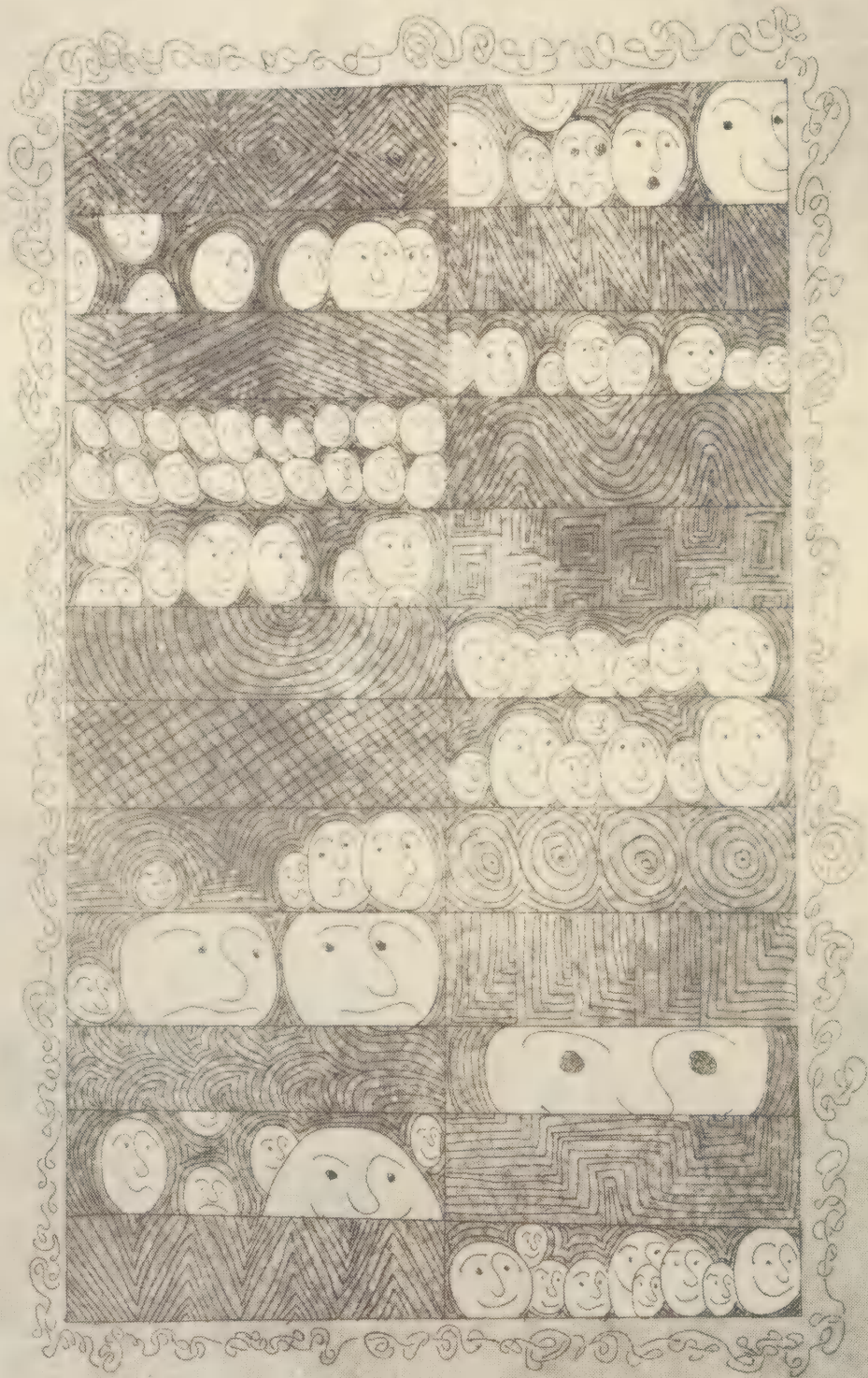
I moved to the coast at the end of August so because of the distance between us I wouldn't get to hunt with him. Then along in the season a call came from home. While Gordon was tending a mule it bolted and dragged him. At first report he had lost two fingers but at least not his life. In the week that followed discoveries were made of more injuries and before I realized it he rested in a pine box. The tears that I shed were not just for my personal loss, but because what he had dreamed of was gone much too fast. He died at thirty-four; he will live on forever as a redheaded, ponytailed, bearded ridge rider.

**Don Thornton**





Dorothy Danielson



W  
H

## RUBIK'S CUBE

The world is like a rubik's cube  
puzzling at all times  
frightening      confusing  
challenging      delightful  
changing with every turn.

## Tommy Millbrooke

## TEMPORARY

People are like wind up clocks  
always running down.  
nonlasting gone  
disappearing dead  
Trying to live a life,  
without hanging on a wall.

## Virginia Staudenraus

**WEBSTER'S**

Words  
Many meanings  
Reading, defining, pronouncing  
Dictator, dictatorial, dictatorship, diction . . . Ah, here it is . . .  
Dictionary

## Carole Baker

## PLANTING

Jane Thomas

Mrs. Jones leaned over the fence. "She is, you know. There's no doubt about it."

"I find that hard to believe," said Martha Merriman, carefully lifting each strawberry plant from its box and setting it in the soil. "She told me just last week that Cindy and Donnie were enough for any woman."

"I'm sure she was bluffing, just keeping us in the dark another month or so. And she needn't think I've missed that young man who's been hanging about, coming and going at all hours."

"Really, Mrs. Jones. That's her brother who's just moved to town. Penelope isn't interested in men."

"That's what she said two years ago, with Donnie on the way. Artificial insemination, my foot. Who was she fooling with that one? She think she's some kind of cow?" Mrs. Jones's head rolled back as she laughed, showing her dentures. She stamped a fuzzy pink slipper in the grass.

"She wanted a child, not its father," Martha said.

"Sounds pretty fishy to me. I wonder what she'll think of this time? She'll be tearing 'Stop at Two' sticker off her car soon enough, mark my words."

"And how are your seven doing lately?" Martha asked, massaging her back as she

rose to her knees. "Any more grandchildren on the way?"

Mrs. Jones smiled fondly, ignoring the ice in Martha's voice. "Julie and Emily are both expecting this fall . . . that'll make twelve, and of course Charlie's getting married at Christmas."

"Well, you've done your share to keep the world populated, haven't you?"

"And a blessing they've all been, too. I suppose you and John have just about given up?"

"Mrs. Jones, I'll be forty-seven in November." She was down on her hands and knees again, head bent to the soil.

Mrs. Jones moved back from the fence, hands resting firmly on her ample hips. She looked beyond the rosebushes to the small house Penelope and her two children inhabited. "She could do with a paint job there, couldn't she?" she said to the top of Martha's straw hat.

"Penelope's got plenty to think about besides house-painting, what with going to school and keeping those children fed and clothed."

"So what makes her think she can look after another one, I'd like to know?"

"Ask her yourself, if you're so concerned. I see her coming down the street with Donnie right now."

"Why don't you ask? You know her better than I do."

"It's really none of my business. I'll let you motherly types talk it over." Martha moved to the next box of strawberry plants.

Mrs. Jones slowly shuffled around the garden, poking a leaf here, pulling a weed there. She reached the front gate just as Penelope and her son came by and spoke to the child in a high-pitched voice. "Why it's my little friend Donnie. How nice that your Mommy can get off work to play with you."

"Actually, I've quit," said Penelope.

"Donnie fall down," said the boy, holding up one arm. "Hurt hand."

"Oh, you poor baby. Let Grandma Jones pick you up." She opened the white gate.

Donnie clutched his mother's knees, burying his face in her jeans.

"He's a bit shy right now," said Penelope, running her fingers through his curls.

"Such fair hair," Mrs. Jones said. "Not at all like his sister's."

"Cindy's father was very dark."

"And who's the next one going to look like? Mrs. Jones was watching Penelope's face. Martha Merriman sat up straight on her knees, strawberry plant in hand.

Penelope flipped back her hair, which cascaded dark below her shoulders. She looked Mrs. Jones in the eye. "This one isn't mine," she said, moving her hand across the bulge that was just beginning to show beneath the red cheesecloth blouse. "I'm carrying it for a couple in the midwest."

Mrs. Jones took a step backwards, still holding the gate. She opened her mouth, then shut it again. Next door, Martha's strawberry plant dropped to the ground.

"That's why I'm out with Donnie today," Penelope was saying. "Quitting my job means I'll have more time for the children. We'll be able to get through the whole year on what I earn having this baby . . . college tuition and all."

"You mean you're selling this child?" Mrs. Jones demanded.

"I don't think of it as mine. The mother couldn't have children, so they've hired me to have it for them. They sent me the husband's sperm."

Mrs. Jones's face was the color of the pink flowers on her housedress. "Do you really know what you're doing?"

"Pregnancy's easy for me. This woman's waited ten years for a child. Imagine how she'll feel when it's finally born."

A muffled sob came from the corner of Martha Merriman's yard. Mrs. Jones looked meaningfully across the fence.

Martha's straw hat was bent very low. A thick knot of hair, just beginning to gray, showed at the nape of her neck. She put the strawberry plant into the earth and patted the soil around it, very gently.

## IN A CHURCH LIKE THAT

I am looking for a church  
to go to.  
I think I shall find  
a small one,  
A church out in the  
country,  
One with a lawn,  
and shrubs,  
And flocks of tiny birds  
that sing  
And rush away when  
worshippers arrive.

I think I will look  
for a church  
That has possession  
of a minister  
Who is on the quiet  
side,  
Whose voice is only  
adequate  
For the tiny space it  
must fill,  
Who has merriment  
in his eye,  
And astonishment  
on his face.

I will not know anybody  
in that church,  
And nobody in that church  
will know me.  
I will sit in the back,  
unnoticed,  
And if I do not worship  
God there,  
I will worship there  
there.  
I could believe in a  
church like that.

David Hughes



## TO DAVID

When I look at you I feel warm  
like mid-summer evenings  
on the porch  
like cocoa you blow on  
to cool  
like a smile fully meant

When I think of you I fly  
like the gull on the highest breeze  
like a kite in the hands  
of a child  
like leaves caught in  
a zephyr.

Without you I am empty  
like a well with no reflection  
like the dark space between  
the stars  
like love unshared

Keep me warm  
Lift me higher  
fill me to overflowing

**Lisa Wynne**

## LONELY SPIDER

Who saw the petal  
Fall from the rose?  
I, said the spider  
And nobody knows, \*  
For I am alone  
And quiet is the sound.  
I watched it fall,  
Heard it hit the ground.  
For I am alone  
And nobody knows  
That I saw the petal  
Fall from the rose.

*\*First lines quoted from "The Secret Song"  
by Margaret Wise Brown*

**Timothy Thompson**

### THREE LEAVES AND INFINITY

I want to give you three leaves:  
One shiny green and promising,  
Full of midsummer strength and July joy . . .

The second full of changes,  
Dancing colors through the veins-  
Wildness mixing in a last love-breath  
Before the storms and winter wait . . .

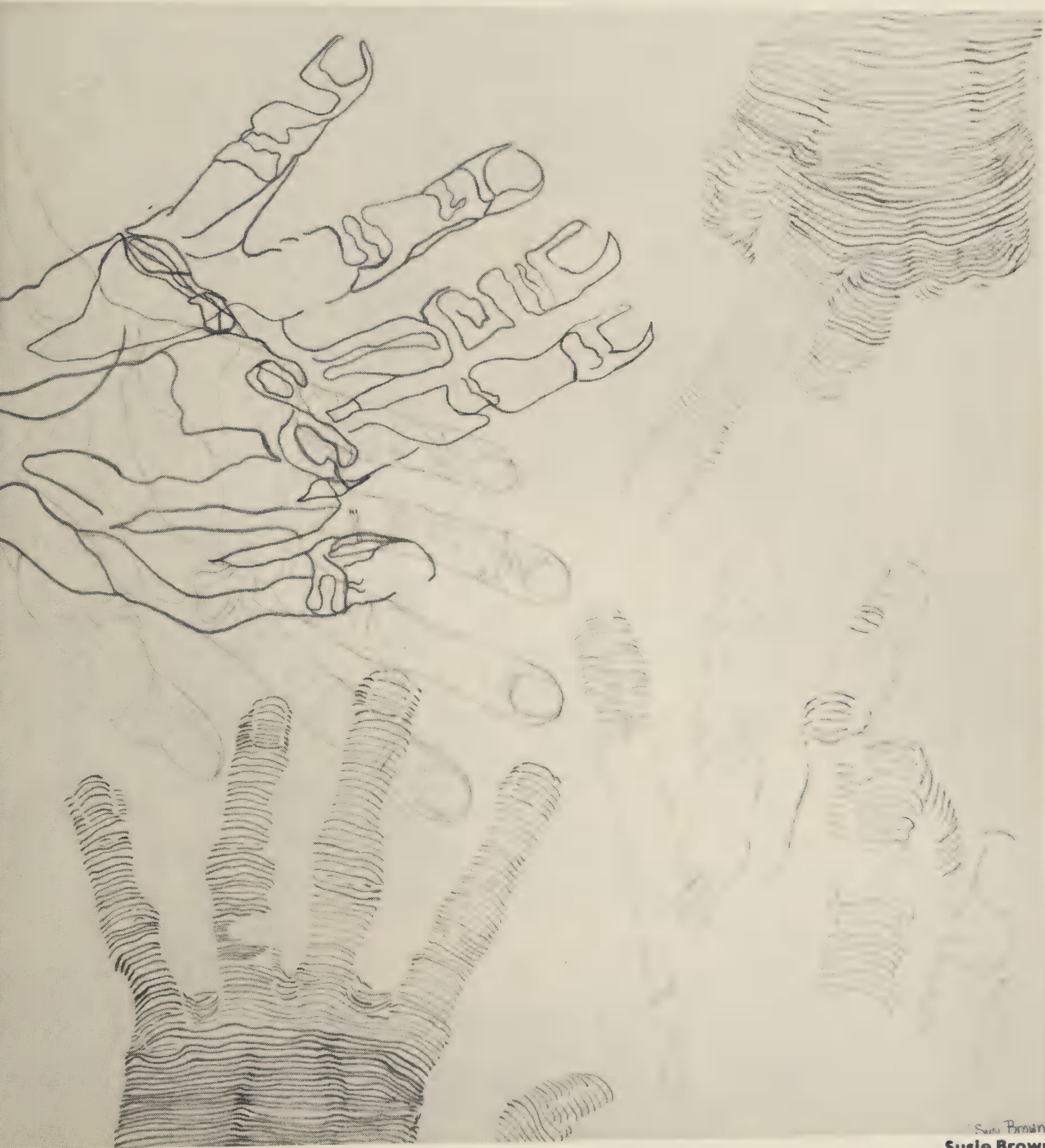
The third (and why last?) brittle brown,  
Fallen dead and dying,  
But a warm brown for you —  
And changing with help into a  
Life-Giver in the moist raindrop-earth.

I am these three leaves:  
Take them and their changes.  
I am dying many deaths and living many lives;  
I sometimes fear the changes, and you with them —  
And want to hold fast in a season,  
Pluck the leaf and let it grow flat  
In a fat dictionary.

So now I shall become a pine needle  
Fragrant and flexible . . .  
Meanwhile take these leaves;  
Let them grow on you:

I do not count the changes.  
I do not count the time.

Anni Cook





## **THIS ISN'T A POEM ABOUT LOVE**

This isn't a poem about love.  
For love takes people to extremes,  
Dreamers begin dreaming,  
Romancers begin romancing.  
And somewhere in between or maybe  
it's above,  
I can't tell which.  
We listen heart over head,  
and go along merrily thinking our forever thoughts.  
For forever is a lovers' word.  
Or is that absurd?

But, then this isn't a poem about love.  
For when the heart is led astray  
and forever looks like yesterday,  
our eyes see things differently through salt.  
And anger for the fool we've been  
takes hold and bitterness sets in,  
to twist and maim, this fragile game  
that everyone will play.  
And so,  
this wasn't a poem about love.

**Lisa Wynne**

## **WAITING**

I feel like I'm lost in the desert  
At the edge of a black highway slash  
Rising ripples of heat float away  
Over me like a taskmaster's lash.

I stare into both the directions  
Down the tapers for movement or dust  
In one way the road goes to loving  
In the other the way goes to lust.

I guess if I had a direction  
If I knew which was which one I want  
I could move and escape idle thirsting  
But this barrenness I now must haunt.

**John Hagerty**

## **SCREAM OF EXISTENCE**

It was black, so black  
I couldn't see myself.  
I was unsure of my existence.  
I heard breathing,  
I assumed it was me.  
Then, the breathing stopped.  
I had to make a sound to ensure  
my being — my scream of existence.

**Valerie Kadas**



**Carla Stanley**

## THE BIG BANG THEORY

### EXPLAINED FOR CREATIONISTS

Kevin James Violette

In the beginning, God was a gigantic, lumpy mass that contained all matter, all energy, all of everything, except the kitchen sink, which hadn't been invented yet. God just sat there, not sitting, mind you, but just sort of hanging there in the infinite void, listening to the rumblings inside his insides (there was no outside yet). God wasn't thinking about anything — He didn't think, He just felt stimuli from inside his vast corpus. Since the entire universe was incorporated inside his body, there was no stimulus to be found from without, save for a cold sensation and a vague odor of fried onions.

God had no real self-awareness . . . there was no way to think about Himself in an abstract sense, since He, being All, was about as concrete as you can get. God had no moral sense, since everything was in Him, good things and bad things, beautiful things and ugly things. God did not judge, but merely felt, and accepted, the feeling of cold, the odor of fried onions, and the rumblings inside His abdomen.

Time passed. How much time there was no way of knowing, since God didn't have a watch and there was nothing to set one by; not even a sun. Even the atoms didn't vibrate regularly then, as they do now. Time was not, but God was, although only in the objective sense. At the end of this Time-that-was-not, Something happened. We don't know what it was . . . the Bible doesn't say, the scientists don't know, even Carl Sagan doesn't know — but something happened, and we call the result of that something The Big Bang.

Whatever that something was, it made God blow up. Yes, God blew up and sent pieces of Himself flying in every direction, up, down, left, right, frontwards, backwards and diagonally. All these pieces of Him were extremely hot and flying away from Ground Zero at an unbelievable speed (yes, even faster than a Ferrari). God was in some pain for awhile, but as the pieces of Him began to cool (after several eons) He started to get into the new order of things. There was finally a universe to see, and He was it. The pieces of Him continued to cool and began to form clumps, big clumps that became galaxies, and smaller clumps that were solar systems. God by now had acquired a new kind of self awareness, a Gestalt kind of awareness that enabled Him to think in a subjective sense. He began to take an interest in the way the parts of His body were coalescing, atoms grouping into molecules, molecules into substances, everything randomly forming new shapes and textures. He found that He could control this process, and to His delight, the pieces of His body became His first toys. He began to experiment, molding different parts of His body into pleasing shapes (God had discovered Art). One of His most exciting discoveries was Life . . . God realized that He was alive, and that since He was everything and everything was Him, all the molecules in his body were capable of being formed into living creatures.

He chose several hundred planets for His experiments and among them was, of course, our Earth. We don't know yet what He did on those other planets, but we do know what He did here. He created protozoa, and trilobites, and stalactites, and katydids. He experimented with magma and continental drift. As his skill increased, He began to create more complicated forms of life — Brontosauri, Pterosaurs, and Theasauruses. He discovered warm blooded life, and produced sloths, tree toads, and woolly mammoths (one of my personal favorites). All these critters were okay, but

He wanted something more — He wanted something with sentience. He tried, but it was tough going at first. Pithicanthropus seemed promising, but he didn't even know enough to come in out of the rain. Homo Erectus wasn't much better. Finally, after much trial and error, God came up with Cro-Magnon man, who was Homo Sapiens, but didn't know it yet. Cro-Magnon man wasn't perfect, but he could make tools and fire, and that gave him an edge. Cro-Magnon man found his niche and settled into it nicely, living as a part of the natural environment for millenia. But when his descendants started calling themselves Homo Sapiens (wise man), the real foolishness began.

Homo Sapiens was a slob from the very beginning, throwing bones around and defecating everywhere. That was okay, at first, because bones and crap are biodegradable and good for the soil. God didn't mind man eating plants and animals, which were parts of His body, because in the beginning Homo Sapiens always returned what he took, shitting and pissing out what he didn't use, and eventually, at death, becoming part of God's body once more.

But this happy arrangement has changed. Much of Homo Sapien's crap now has a half-life of 10,000 years, and a large portion of it will never decay. He has decided that God's body isn't giving enough, and he's devised new ways to take more and more of God's body, and what he takes, he doesn't give back. He has, in short, become a cancer, a wild growth that is no longer living in harmony with the rest of the body. But, fortunately, thanks to science, we have something that will cure God's cancer. It's called Big Bang Radiation Therapy. A bitter medicine, but sure to be beneficial, in the long run.

## **SAMARII TOURISM**

As a sword maker  
As a craftsman  
do you feel good  
or bad  
about making swords  
that you know  
will never be used  
to kill.

**John Hagerty**

Words and Music by  
Robert H. Brown

# —BEING A FRIEND—

Philip R. Morrill...Transcriber  
Steve Kuske...Calligrapher

1-1 You are a  
2 You are a

friend to— me and I love — you the way you are—  
lov - er to me and I need a friend like you are —

Your — touch ea - ses — me and I need you the way you  
Think-ing of you melts me a-way for your love sends me to the

are.  
stars.

REFRAIN

You can - not be in love -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1-1 You are a, 2 You are a, friend to— me and I love — you the way you are—, lov - er to me and I need a friend like you are —, Your — touch ea - ses — me and I need you the way you, Think-ing of you melts me a-way for your love sends me to the, are., stars., REFRAIN, You can - not be in love -". The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes chords and melodic lines. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

with out being a friend in love No, you cannot be a

lo - ver with out be-ing a friend;

With- out be-ing a friend..

love you the way you are.

## TO THE GIRL AT THE BAR

David Hughes

I see you looking at me  
in the bar mirror,  
and I know you see me  
looking at you.  
Our eyes cross too often  
for it to be accidental;  
these things are not  
entirely ours to control.  
Acceptance is in your eyes —  
and curiosity, and fear,  
for you know not at all  
what you have accepted.  
My eyes are the mirror  
to yours.

But I am sorry, I cannot  
deliver the congeniality  
that my eyes have promised.  
I am bashful.  
I am not one who can cross  
territory so dangerous  
as six feet of barroom floor.  
I do not know how to dance.  
Later, I would not know  
how to love you.

No, I am not taken,  
and I am not flirting  
with you meaninglessly;  
I . . . how I wish I  
could make something  
out of what we have said  
without saying anything  
to each other.  
I am not rejecting you;  
I want you,  
want you in all of the ways  
that are not talked about,  
and all of the ways that are,  
as I have wanted the others,  
who have sent similar signals,  
and whom I have not  
been able to approach.

My expression has been  
too long confined to paper,  
too little to talk,  
too rarely to touch.  
I shall leave this poem for you,  
and if you find it—  
you see me writing it; I see you  
watching me write it—  
then please talk to me,  
please come over,  
please touch me,  
if you see me again.

But I know you won't see  
what I have written;  
the barmaid is watching me.  
She is irritated.  
I drink too slowly.  
As soon as I am gone  
she will crumble this paper,  
throw it in the garbage can,  
swish a wet rag over what  
is left of me at the bar.  
I will never talk to you.  
I will never touch you.



**Lisa Wynne**

### **MADNESS I**

The full moon is empty.  
Its face makes no comment.  
Having poured itself into itself  
It is self-contained.  
It holds itself incommunicado,  
Keeping its own counsel.

The mongoloid moon is round  
As the face of the boy  
Who sat in a chair and rocked and rocked  
On the porch of a house in the town  
Where I was young,  
Long, long ago.

**Ellen Shannon**



We have it all at hand,  
we could string windmills  
across the land.  
But alternative energy is kept  
neatly in place, like a curiosity  
at the fair.  
The sun is too abundant, the  
corporate boys might lose  
control of their oil-slick dollars;  
their tight white collars.  
Money twists and curls  
in their damp pockets  
like worms  
poisoned from the earth.  
Alternative energy is tucked  
into ten-year studies and  
sealed with red tape.

**Richard Blakely**

## **INFLATION**

Gimmie  
Gold, food, credit  
or penicillin  
But no love, honey  
cuz I aint willin  
to pay  
for what you think  
you give away.

**John Hagerty**

## **A ZILLION DOLLARS**

If I only had a zillion dollars  
Then I wouldn't be eating these beans right now  
Unless of course I really wanted to

**Bob Poulsen**

## **WORTH**

Smiling, they took my worth  
in trade they gave me gold  
And I lost touch with value  
that can't be bought or sold

The gold they said was heavy  
and paper came to mean  
that I had earned gold somewhere  
That I had never seen

And then they tried to sell me  
more paper, but with blanks  
to fill in for the paper  
they said I had in banks

Now we have the plastic cards  
We're losing ground from gold...?  
I don't know, they taste the same  
When you're hungry, wet, and cold

**John Hagerty**

## SONNET TO A FRIEND ESTRANGED

Seeing you again so brings my mind  
to startled recollections of the past.  
Arrested, time stands helpless; I can find  
no way to make reality hold fast.  
Instead, the edges of the world grow dim  
until no thing exists save you and I,  
and even I stay waiting at the rim  
of sensibility. I can't think why —  
I hear a tinkling melody begin  
like an old music box's fragile song,  
I feel a dusky sunlight all around.  
No matter how much darkness there has been,  
or that the music will not last for long;  
for now, I have your light, your magic sound.

**Rae Marie Zimmerling**

## I WANT TO...

I Want to...  
Crawl inside myself  
Alone  
And somehow make my mind  
A home  
And not see people  
Looking back  
To not compete  
Nor interact  
Not mix or mingle  
In joy or pain  
To safe and simply  
go insane

**John Hagerty**

Today I woke up free  
Tomorrow I die alone  
Yesterday — oh so many yesterdays  
Days of love, days of peace  
Such sweet memories

Tomorrow I leave this world  
Will I have time to savor every  
sweet memory  
To hug every cherished soul?  
There are so many, so very many

Last night there were bad memories  
Oh the horrors, the need to ask  
forgiveness from so many  
How could I have caused  
so much pain for so many?

The fear--such fear  
I wanted to run, scream, cry  
I wanted to live, I begged to live  
How could I die this way  
Where was the justice?

Today I am free  
I have accepted, I am ready  
Leave me to my memories  
For tomorrow I die-alone

**Marcia Hisel**

**Bessie Thompson**





**Bob Behlke**

## **TREES**

The dew hanging from the trees like diamonds,  
the few lonely men on the carpet below,  
gas and oil smoke winding through the branches,  
sawdust blowing out of the wound,  
not caring, not noticing,  
shaking, twisting, tearing, crashing.  
The king is dead,  
the crown has fallen.

**Jeff Jones**



**Ann Marie**









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